



Rabbit, O! a fine Rabbit.

**S**TILL does this fellow, round the  
 Streets,  
 With Pole and Rabbits on his  
 shoulder,  
 His penny spend with all he meets,  
 Unthinking that he will grow older.

But sure old age will come with speed  
 (Nor let him think with spite I  
 blab it)  
 When he, alas! must keep his bed,  
 No longer able to cry Rabbit.